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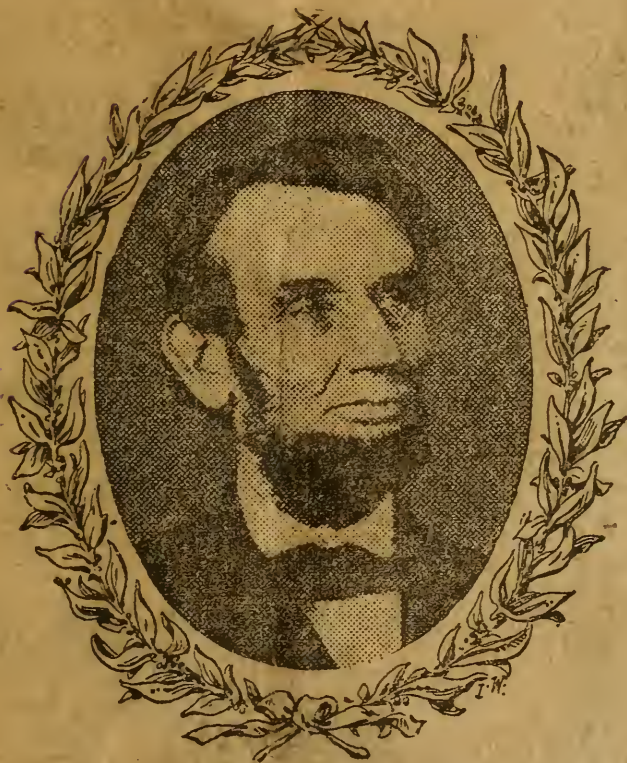
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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE



*Printed for the
Children of New England and their
Parents, 100 years after his birth.,*

by the
BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE

THE LIFE OF LINCOLN

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD

ABRAMHAM LINCOLN was born Feb 12, 1809, in a log cabin in the backwoods of Kentucky.

No dainty white dresses, no bonnets trimmed with laces, no little kid shoes with fancy buttons had been prepared for the coming of the baby boy, for his parents were very poor.

He was wrapped in a cheap yellow flannel petticoat as a protection against the wintry breezes that blew in through the glassless windows and drove up the chimney most of the heat from the blazing stumps in the open fireplace.

His only cradle was his mother's arms.

Nobody visiting that rude hut then and looking at the long-armed and long-legged child of Tom and Nancy Lincoln would have dared to venture the prediction that some day he would become President of the United States, commander-in-chief of the armies that saved the union from destruction, and the author of the proclamation which freed millions of black men from slavery.

But all those things happened.

Little Abe, as a baby, had no rattle to play with, no ark full of animals, no toy choo-choo train or tin soldiers. He found amusement for himself, however, in chasing the sunbeams that danced through the big cracks of the cabin walls. Many a friendship he formed with the faces which the fire made upon the hearthstone.

He ceased to creep and learned to walk.

Then the happy day came when he was allowed to roam the farm alone. The very first thing Abe did was to go out into the cleared field, pucker up his lips, and whistle for all the other boys of the neighborhood to come over and have some fun. But the call was unanswered, for the homes of the Kentucky pioneers were widely scattered. There were no other boys for Abe. His sole comrade was a sister, who was only a girl.

Thrown upon his own resources, he sought the company of the wild birds and the beasts of the for-

ests. He fished in the creek, and followed the flight of bees to the bee trees to get their honey.

Free schools had not as yet been opened in the Blue Grass state, and Thomas Lincoln, the father, was glad of it. An ignorant man himself, although good-natured and honest, he thought that time devoted to study was wasted. He desired that his son, young as he was, should be set at work, helping to scratch a living for the family from the unfertile soil. The mother did not agree with the father. She was a woman of some education, and she was determined that her boy should acquire all the knowledge he could. She used to take the little lad upon her knee and tell him Bible stories, fairy tales and country legends. When a wandering teacher, a wise person who could read, write and figure, came that way, the mother insisted that her son should go to school, and he went. Somehow the poverty-stricken parents managed to pay the bill. This term of instruction was very brief. A few weeks later the strolling teacher folded his tent and stole away to pastures new. The school was broken up and a long vacation began.

Perhaps you think you can see little Abe throwing his hat in the air and hurraing at the sound of the "all-out" signal. But not so! A vacation never meant to him that he was free to play baseball and ride a bicycle, as it does to the children of today. He had to go to work. His tiny hands had to do their share toward providing food to eat and clothing to wear.

He was 7 years old when his father decided to pack up the household goods and move out of Kentucky. Thomas Lincoln thought the change might shift his luck at making a living. At any rate, he could hardly be worse off anywhere than where he was. All the possessions of the family were tied on the backs of two borrowed horses and the journey into the wilderness of southern Indiana began. There were no roads, and even the foot-trails were few.

The father was obliged to march on ahead and cut a way for the little procession through the forests. Abe and his



Off to Indiana

sister trudged along at the rear. Game was shot and cooked over campfires, and at night they lay down to sleep with no roof overhead except the starlit sky. For three days after leaving the Ohio river they traveled thus before reaching their destination on Little Pigeon creek, a mile and a half east of Gentryville.

No cozy cottage nor steam-heated flat with hot and cold water awaited them there. Without shelter were parents and children until a sort of shed was built of poles with one side wide open to the weather. When it was finished they called it home.

Big trees covered the land, and the next work was to clear a field and raise foodstuff to feed four hungry mouths. Abe lent a hand. He chopped the underbrush, dropped the seed among the stumps and planted potatoes.

The Lincoln family lived in that open-faced pole camp through the storms of a long, cold winter and didn't freeze to death simply because they were tough and healthy.

The next year a log cabin was erected. It was a palace compared with the old quarters, even though the cracks between the logs were so large that Abe could poke a rifle barrel through them and shoot at the wild turkeys. There were no windows, and the entrance was a mere hole, unprotected by any door. The floor was the bare ground, which often turned to mud. In one corner of the only room two saplings stuck into the sides of the cabin made a bedstead. The boy slept on a heap of loose leaves in the loft up under the roof, and pegs driven into the wall were the stairs by which he reached his airy chamber.

Meals were served on tin dishes or gourds. There was no crockery in the house. Frequently the family had nothing to eat but potatoes, and sometimes they ate them raw. Having no matches, it was not always easy to start a fire in the fireplace.

Not long after the new cabin was built, Mrs Lincoln fell ill of a fever. No doctor could be summoned, for the nearest one lived 35 miles away. Within a week young Abe knelt sobbing beside his dying mother, while she laid her hand upon his head and gave him her last message. She told him to be good to his father and sister, to love his kindred and to worship God.

The 9-year-old boy was an orphan, and desolate indeed was his home in the wilderness.

Thomas Lincoln, widower, needed a housekeeper. Instead of hiring one, he took unto himself a second wife in the shape of a widow with three children and some property.

When this good woman reached Pigeon creek and became the mistress of the log cabin she found Abe neglected and forlorn. At once she took him to her motherly heart. She scrubbed him clean and gave him a linsy-woolsey shirt to take the place of his deerskin shirt. Thereafter he slept upon a feather bed instead of a pile of leaves, and had a pillow under his head.

The new Mrs Lincoln stirred up her husband until he got ambitious enough to lay a floor in their humble home, cut windows in the walls and hang a door. The windows were covered with greased paper, which let in the light and kept out the wind.

Abe, at the age of 10, had so far forgotten what he had learned in Kentucky that he could not write. He had been kept hard at work ever since he had trudged across the line into Indiana with his little sister. Now his stepmother thought it was time for him to go to school again. The father objected, as usual, but his objections were overruled.

Eager for an education, the boy welcomed a chance to walk nine miles a day through the lonely woods, that he might sit at the feet of another one of those roaming wise men who taught reading, writing and arithmetic. He carried in his pocket for lunch a corndodger made of coarse indian meal.

He lost no time at home. When he was not doing his chores he was at his books. He kept up his studies on Sunday, there being no church in the neighborhood to call him away.

He had no slate, no lead pencil, and paper was scarce, so he did problems in arithmetic on an old wooden shovel with a bit of charcoal. When the shovel was covered with figures he scraped them off until he had a clean surface on which to continue his mathematical work. He scrawled all over the boards and logs of the cabin.

He became so good a "speller" that he was barred from all the spelling matches, for everybody knew that the side he was on was sure to win.



His Stepmother

He acquired the ability to write a clear hand, and proudly wrote letters for his parents and the neighbors.

He wanted books to read. There were none on the shelf at home, and public libraries were then unknown. Whenever he heard of a man who had a book, he traveled afoot, no matter how great the distance, to see the owner and borrow it.

Lying in bed up in the loft of the cabin at night, by the dim, flickering light of a candle, he devoured the contents of "Æsop's Fables," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," a history of America and a life of Washington. A dictionary fell into his hands and he read that; also the statutes of Indiana, the constitution of the United States and the declaration of independence.

Abe didn't go to school 40 weeks in the year, as children do nowadays. He went only occasionally for a week or a month. Between times he toiled hard in the fields and the forests, helping to save the Lincoln family from starvation. All the schooling he ever had in his life amounted to less than a year.

His wonderful advance from ignorance into knowledge was due to the fact that he was always busy educating himself.



Splitting Rails

At the age of 19 he had grown to be a big, strapping, healthy fellow, standing 6 feet 4 inches high. He wore a coon-skin cap and buckskin breeches. Between his breeches and his shoes were gaps which showed his blue, bony shins. The boys nicknamed him "Longshanks."

He was so strong that when somebody asked him to move a chicken coop, weighing 600 pounds, he picked the thing up and carried it to its new location.

Abe hired out to the neighbors at every opportunity. He hoed and mowed and chopped from sunrise to sunset for 25 cents a day and gave the money to his father. He always did his duty as a laborer, but he didn't love his job. Because he never let a leisure moment pass in the field or elsewhere without pulling a book from his pocket and reading, folks said he was lazy.

But he was not. He was the most industrious youth in all the wilderness of Indiana.

He often walked to the county court house, 15 miles away, to listen to the arguments of lawyers. Returning to the farm where he happened to be employed he would mount a stump and make speeches to the other hired men.

Thomas Lincoln, the father, was just as poor after he had lived 14 years in Indiana as he was when he left Kentucky. He now decided to move with his family to the prairies of Illinois. The household goods were thrown into a wagon, the wheels of which were round blocks, oxen were attached, and the son drove the team to the timber country on the Sangamon river.

There Abe chopped down trees and built a cabin for another new home, plowed the stumpy field, split walnut rails for a fence, planted, and harvested the first crop. Then came a cold, dreary winter.

HIS YOUNG MANHOOD

The next spring he shouldered his ax and left his father's humble roof forever. His age was 22 and his time was his own.

He worked in the neighborhood for awhile doing anything that he could find to do. Incidentally, he split 1000 rails to get homespun cloth enough to make a pair of brown jean trousers to cover his very long legs.

He accepted a job at 50 cents a day poking and steering a flatboat down the rivers to New Orleans. Rambling through that far southern town he beheld a sight which he never forgot. It was a slave auction. A pretty mulatto girl was trotted up and down the market place, like a horse, while the dealers in human flesh looked her over to see if she were sound and kind. When she had been sold to the highest bidder, Abe turned to his companions and said:

"Boys, let's get away from here. If ever I get a chance to hit that thing (meaning slavery) I'll hit it hard."

New Salem in Illinois had 20 log houses and 100 inhabitants when Lincoln went there in 1831 to become a clerk. Soon after his arrival he was put in charge of a store and given the management of a mill.

A lot of young rowdies, known as the "Clary's Grove Boys," lived in the village, whose custom it

was to welcome strangers with a thrashing. Sometimes they took newcomers, nailed them up in hog-heads and rolled them down hill. But for some reason or other, possibly out of respect to his size and weight, the "gang" didn't trouble Abe until his talkative employer went around boasting that his clerk could beat any man in the country, running, jumping or "wrestling."



Abe and Jack

The clerk was immediately challenged to a wrestling match, and the rowdies selected Jack Armstrong, their chief bully, to represent them on the field of combat. Lincoln, modest, and as peaceable as he was strong, knew that he must prove his courage or get out of town. He accepted the challenge.

When the two men met, inside a ring of excited spectators, Abe reached out those long arms of his, seized Jack by the neck and beat the air with him. Seeing that their champion was doomed to defeat, the Clary Grove ruffians crept up close to the contestants and tried to kick and trip the winning stranger. A general fight seemed certain. Lincoln stopped wrestling, backed up against a wall and coolly defied the whole crowd. No one dared to attack him. Right then and there he gained a place in the hearts of the rough people of New Salem.

And his best friend was Jack Armstrong.

Lincoln was always doing little deeds of kindness. If a wagon got stalled in the muddy street he was among the first to go to the aid of the driver. He cut firewood for widows and watched at the bedside of the sick.

He was as honest as he was kind.

On one occasion a woman came into the store and bought goods, amounting in value, by the reckoning, to \$2.20. He received the money and the woman went away. On adding the items of the bill again to make himself sure of correctness, he found that he had taken $6\frac{1}{2}$ cents too much. It was night. Closing and locking the store, he started out on foot, a distance of three miles, for the house of his defrauded customer. He paid back to her the $6\frac{1}{2}$ cents, the possession of which had so much troubled him, and then went home satisfied.

Inside of a year the owner of the store in New Salem closed its doors and went out of business because he wasn't making money enough to pay his bills. The clerk found himself left suddenly without a job.

With nothing else to do, Lincoln welcomed an opportunity to enlist as a volunteer soldier in the war against Black Hawk, a bad Indian, who was just then raising a rumpus in Illinois. He joined a company of his neighbors and was elected captain on account of his popularity, and regardless of the fact that he had no knowledge of military tactics.

The captain didn't slay any Indians while he was a soldier. He saved the life of the only redskin he met (happened to be a good one) at the risk of his own. Martial glory he didn't win because the war ended before he was given any chance to smell the smoke of battle.

Without a dollar in his pocket Lincoln returned to New Salem. He heard that a representative to the legislature was soon to be elected, and he announced himself as a candidate for the office. Very frankly and freely his opinions on public questions were given to the voters. On election day 277 of his near neighbors, who knew him well, cast their ballots for him, only seven refusing to do so. But he failed to secure sufficient support in the distant parts of the district, where he was unknown, and was defeated.

Lincoln went back to business again. With a partner he bought the goods and good will of a storekeeper who was willing to accept the written promise of the buyers that they would pay for the same at some time in the future. Not a cent of cash changed hands. Soon after two other stores were purchased in a similar way, and all the trade of New Salem was then under the control of Lincoln & Co.

The new merchant prince wore tan brogans and blue yarn socks, a broad-brimmed straw hat without a band, and his trousers were usually held up by only one suspender. He lived at the tavern, built of logs, where all the men lodgers were obliged to occupy one room.

Storekeeping, by the way, never interested him. He was still a square peg in a round hole. He didn't fit. He lapsed into dreams when he was waiting on customers.

Digging down into a barrellful of old stuff which the firm had bought of a man who was moving out of town, he fished up a copy of Blackstone's "Com-

mentaries." Immediately he began to study law. Hour after hour, day after day, he lay on the ground out under the shade of a big tree, reading.



A Lucky Barrel

Meanwhile his business suffered from lack of proper attention. Instead of making money, he lost money. The store was sold to a stranger, not for cash, but under an agreement that the new owner should pay all the debts of Lincoln and his partner. This stranger turned out to be a rascal. He ran away from the village without keeping his promises. Abe, his former partner having died, was left alone to settle with all the creditors.

He owed \$1100, a sum which seemed so large that he called it the "national debt."

Lincoln did not go to his creditors and offer to give them 10 cents on the dollar, as some men would have done under such circumstances. He went and told them that if they would wait patiently he would pay them dollar for dollar if it took him his whole lifetime to do it.

He split rails, worked in the fields, helped at the store and the tavern. All the money he earned above the bare cost of living was used to wipe out a part of his indebtedness.

He walked to Springfield, 20 miles, and borrowed law books, which he read as he tramped homeward through the woods and across the fields. He spent his evenings studying by the light of a fire in the shop of a friendly cooper. He began to write legal papers for his neighbors, and to argue their cases at trials before a justice of the peace.

Lincoln was appointed postmaster of New Salem. The postoffice was in his hat, where he carried the letters, which he distributed at the various cabins while on his way to do farm work.

Then he had an opportunity to learn surveying, and he accepted it eagerly. Absolutely ignorant of the subject, he mastered it in six weeks, and became the best surveyor in Sangamon county. His pay was \$3 a day, more than he had ever earned before. He bought a horse and traveled widely, settling boundary line disputes and making friends.

When he announced himself as a candidate for a seat in the legislature for the second time, he was known by almost every voter in the district. He was elected. Borrowing money enough to get some new clothes (his payments to his old creditors having emptied his pockets), this son of the backwoods, who had never seen the inside of a church or a college, started for the state capital. There he joined the new political party, then without a name, which later was called the whig party. Throughout that first term in the house of representatives he sat in modest silence, but with his eyes and ears wide open, watching and listening.

He was reelected at a time when the cry of freedom for all men, be they white or black, first uttered in Faneuil hall in Boston, was spreading through the country and causing a disturbance.

Although Lincoln thought that the congress at Washington had no power to drive slavery out of the states where it already existed, yet he publicly declared that slavery was wrong and harmful to the nation. It took courage to talk that way at that time.

Four terms in all he served in the legislature, ending his career there as the leader of the whig party in the house of representatives.

Lincoln's first sweetheart was the daughter of the tavern keeper at New Salem. After a courtship which was long and full of trouble, the happy day was set for the wedding, but it turned out to be a day of sorrow. Ann Rutledge fell ill. The red roses faded from her cheeks, the twinkles from her eyes, and finally she died. Her lover wept and grieved for weeks and weeks, until his friends feared that he might go crazy.

LAWYER IN SPRINGFIELD

New Salem was no longer a place of joy, but a graveyard. He decided to say goodby to it. With everything he owned packed in saddlebags, he rode away on a borrowed horse to be a lawyer in Springfield.

He was 29 years old, and still poor.

When he reached Springfield he went into a store and asked if he could get trusted for a bed and bedding until he could earn money enough to pay for them. The proprietor, a kindly man, told Lincoln that he had a bed with all the fixings in a room above the store which he would gladly share with

him. That was luck for the penniless stranger. Lincoln rushed upstairs and unpacked his saddlebags. Within a minute or two he was back down in the store, saying, "Well, I've moved."

There he lodged while he was struggling to build up a good paying law practice.

Evenings, Lincoln used to join the group of bright, ambitious young men that gathered about the blazing wood fire in the store and discuss all sorts of questions. Among those with whom he argued was Stephen A. Douglas, who in later life was to be his antagonist in the most famous debates ever held in the United States.

He never liked to go to balls and parties and receptions, but occasionally he accepted an invitation, jumped into his best clothes, and went. One night in a mansion of the town his eye caught sight of Mary Todd, a pretty girl from Kentucky to whom he had previously been introduced. He approached her in his rather awkward fashion and remarked: "I should like to dance with you in the worst way." She couldn't refuse, so she got up and hobbled around the room with him. When she returned to her seat, a companion asked mischievously: "Well, Mary, did he dance with you the worst way?" and Miss Todd replied, "Yes—the very worst."

It looked like a bad beginning for a courtship.

But when this well-educated young woman, who had been brought up in good society, came to know Lincoln better, she discovered that he had many admirable qualities to offset his clumsy dancing. She believed that he was bound to rise to a high place in the world. Before she realized it, she was in love with the former woodchopper. They were very chummy for a few weeks and then suddenly they met no more. Lincoln was miserable; couldn't eat and couldn't sleep. After a while he went to a physician seeking a cure for his ills, but the doctor had no medicines that would heal a wound made by a shaft shot from the bow of the little god Cupid.

The courtship was begun over again later, however, and ended happily. Mary Todd and Abraham Lincoln were married. They went to a tavern to live, paying \$4 a week for room and board. The wife shared the simple lot of her struggling husband, content to dream of future fame and fortune. She said of him at that time that his heart was as large as his arms were long.

His law business increased and he was already a leader in politics.

Lincoln was elected a representative from Illinois to the congress of the United States in 1846, at the age of 37. Going to Washington, he found himself a stranger in a strange land. But he quickly made many friends, among whom was the great Daniel Webster, a senator from Massachusetts.

He hadn't been in the national capital long before he found his way into the congressional library and the library of the supreme court. He had never seen so many books before and they fascinated him. He wanted to take them all home to the house where he lodged and read them all in a bunch. But he had to be satisfied with a few at a time. The library clerks were very much amused to watch the raw westerner as day after day he tied up a lot of big volumes in a bandanna handkerchief, stuck a cane through the knot, and went away with the bundle over his shoulder.

During the next presidential campaign he was called into Massachusetts to make stump speeches in behalf of Gen Taylor, the whig candidate for President. There he met and talked with members of the free soil party and came to the conclusion that the politicians of the country at large had dodged the slavery question quite long enough. It must be considered seriously.

When congress met again he tried to make it unlawful for anybody to buy or sell slaves in the District of Columbia which, not being a state, was directly under the control of the national government. But he failed. The traffic in black men and women continued within sight of the capitol.

At the end of two years he returned to his dingy, dusty office in Springfield, gave up politics, and went to practicing law again.

In those days the judge of the court traveled from county to county at the head of a little procession of lawyers, some on horseback, others afoot. The roads were poor, and there were no bridges. Lincoln, with his carpet sack and green umbrella, his suspenders often fastened to his trousers with a stick, but always cleanly shaven, rode in a rude buggy which had been built for him by a blacksmith.



Load of Books

He was popular with his companions because he was so kindly and helpful. If there was a river of unknown depth to be crossed, he would pull off his boots, roll up his pantaloons, and wade out into the water to see if there was a safe passageway for the party. He picked up baby birds that had fallen from their nests and restored them to their mothers. Said he couldn't have slept if he hadn't done it. His funny stories amused the folks at the farmhouses, and a crowd never failed to gather in the lounging rooms of the taverns when he tilted back in a chair and began to spin yarns.

Lincoln as a lawyer didn't try to increase his business by stirring up unnecessary lawsuits. He refused to fight in court the legal battles of men whom he believed to be in the wrong. Once, when he had been fooled, he stopped in the midst of a trial, turned to the attorney who was helping him in the case and exclaimed, "The fellow is guilty; you defend him; I can't." Enlisted on the side of right and justice, his appeals to juries were so eloquent and convincing that they were compelled to render verdicts in his favor. He was ever at the service of the worthy poor without pay.

The last time he appeared in a murder case, he defended Armstrong, the son of the champion of the Clary's Grove gang whom he had thrashed years before in New Salem. He saved Jack's boy from the gallows.

Lincoln had become the leading lawyer of Springfield and vicinity, with an income of \$2000 or \$3000 a year, which he might have increased largely had he cared much for money. He lived in a plain house, milked the cow, bedded the horse, and went to market with a basket on his arm. When callers rang the bell, without waiting for the hired girl, he would rush to the front door in his shirtsleeves to give them a hearty welcome, unknowingly displeasing his proud wife, to whom he was very devoted.

His boys were the joy of his life. Their noise never disturbed him. They could go down to the office, scatter the law books all over the place and bend the pens so they wouldn't write, without ruffling his temper. He delighted to load them on his back and give them a ride through the streets of the town.

Under the leadership of Stephen A. Douglas, senator from Illinois, who wished to please the slaveholders of the south and thus secure the democratic nomination for President, the Missouri com-

promise was repealed in the year 1854. That compromise, or agreement, had kept slavery out of the great plains lying west of the Mississippi river for 30 odd years, and it had been supposed that it would do so forever. Now the territories of Kansas and Nebraska were to be created in that region, and the settlers of those territories were to be allowed to decide whether slavery should be permitted or prohibited therein. The people of the north angrily objected to this change.

Lincoln's heart and conscience called him back into politics, to fight for freedom.

He became a candidate for senator, and although he was not elected, he had the satisfaction of knowing that Illinois had sent a zealous opponent of the extension of slavery to sit in the senate alongside of Douglas.

He joined the republican party, which rose from the ruins of the old whig party, and at its first national convention in 1856, which named Fremont for President, received 110 votes for vice president, not enough to nominate him, but enough to introduce him to the nation.

DEBATES WITH DOUGLAS

Two years later Stephen A. Douglas asked Illinois for a third term in the United States senate. So skilfully had this brilliant politician thrown dust in the eyes of the people that nobody knew exactly where he stood on slavery. As a matter of fact, he didn't care whether it went up or went down, so long as it did not interfere with his own political success. His eye was still on the White House as the goal of his ambition.

The supreme court at Washington had recently decided that slavery could not be kept out of the new territories of the west, and that the constitution of the nation guaranteed forever the right to buy and sell slaves in all the territory of the United States.

Lincoln thought the decision was a wicked one, for under it the negro in bondage might soon be seen toiling in the fields of the free state of Illinois. He refused to accept it as final, believing that it would be changed. At the republican convention which named him as a candidate for senator to run against Douglas, he made a thrilling speech in which he declared:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I

believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other.”



Douglas

Lincoln, the country lawyer, still struggling to make a living, boldly challenged Douglas, the man of fame and wealth, to meet him face to face and discuss the issues of the senatorial campaign. The challenge was accepted, and there were seven famous debates. Thousands of people, horseback and afoot, flocked to the towns where the meetings were held, and cooked their meals over camp fires. Newspaper writers came from as far away as New York to report the speeches, for the whole nation was interested in the oratorical combat.

When the rival candidates appeared on the platform together they made an odd pair. Douglas, “the little giant,” as he was called, was short, with a big head above his broad shoulders. He was dressed in fine clothes and was perfectly at ease. He had a voice that could roar like a bull. Abe, “the giant killer,” 6 feet 4 inches tall, his hair flying in the wind, wore a suit that was ill-fitting and wrinkled. He had no studied stage manners. His words were uttered in tones that were sharp and shrill.

Lincoln stuck to the one great truth that slavery was wrong, and, being wrong, ought not to be extended.

Late one night he showed his friends a question which he intended to put to his opponent in debate on the following day. They told him that if he did so he would lose the senatorship.

“Gentlemen,” he said, “I am killing larger game; if Douglas answers, he can never be President, and the battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this.”

Against the advice of his supporters, he asked “the little giant” the next afternoon if in his opinion the people of a territory could any longer lawfully keep out slavery; in other words, was there anything left of his boasted plan to let the settlers decide for themselves whether or not their soil should be free.

Douglas, between the devil and the deep sea, re-

was declaring that after four years the war was a failure; that it was time to cease fighting and try to restore the union in some peaceable way.

But the war was not a failure. The north was roused out of its despair by the capture of Atlanta and Sheridan's victory at the battle of Winchester.

Lincoln was reelected and Sherman marched to the sea.

The end of the bloody conflict came the next spring, when Lee surrendered his army to Grant at Appomattox. The union was saved. Freedom for all men, black or white, was made sure forever by the adoption of the 13th amendment to the constitution of the United States.

Then Lincoln, with malice toward none and charity for all, took up his last great task, the winning of the southern people back to their old love for the stars and stripes. He didn't live long enough to finish it. A bullet from a pistol in the hands of John Wilkes Booth, a half-crazy actor, crashed into his brain as he sat in a box at Ford's theatre on the night of April 14, 1865, and the next morning he was dead.

The bells of the nation tolled mournfully, and the whole world wept for the good man who had gone, as his body was borne tenderly to a grave in Springfield, out on the prairies of Illinois.



Assassination





LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE IN KENTUCKY.



THE WHITE HOUSE ... WASHINGTON.

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